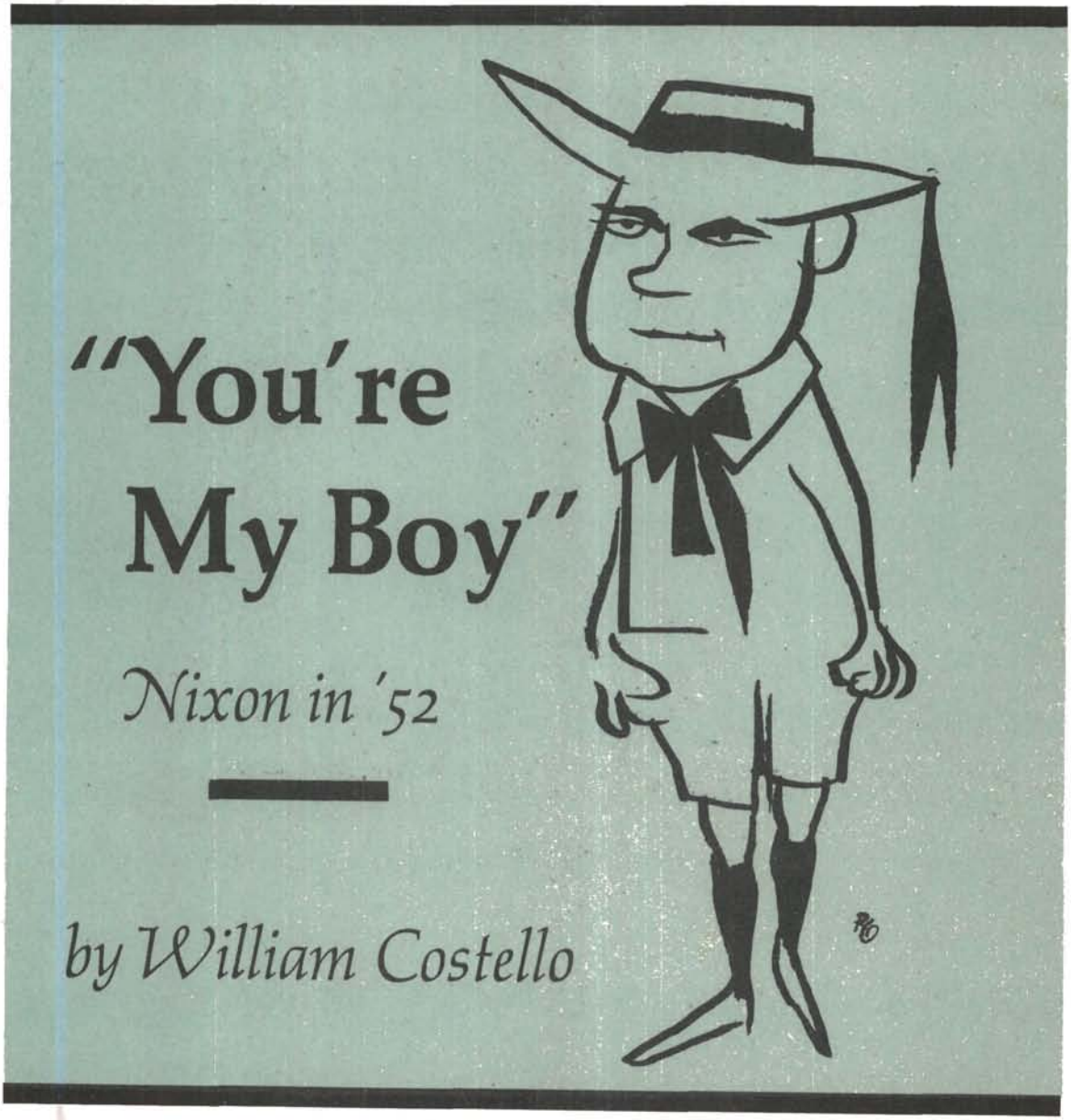
THE NEW REPUBLIC



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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Strange Era

★ The important thing about next year's election is not perhaps who wins, but that it will mark the end of an era – the Era of Suspended Criticism. There have been six Presidents commonly called great among America's 33 – Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, Jackson and Franklin Roosevelt – and each was vilified. People deplored the poisonous nature of some of this criticism, but it was far better than no criticism at all. Yet it is from a period of almost suspended criticism that we are emerging.

Whoever wins in 1960 the Era of Suspended Criticism will end. If Nixon wins (and at this long distance from the event he is front-runner), heaven knows, the Democrats will not be awed into suspending criticism! If Rockefeller wins, he will shortly find the Old Guard denouncing him as they did T.R. If any Democrat wins (and the chance seems dubious at the moment), the country's newspapers will joyously re-discover their critical faculties. Criticism will be restored, and the nation will be safer.

The Eisenhower wedding was all honeymoon. As such it is unique in the chronicles of matrimony and politics. Perhaps in Coolidge's day, perhaps in Harding's, there was something like it. But that was a period of complacency in national safety; this new episode is complacency during frightening danger.

Eisenhower misjudged the economic current and twice mistook a recession for a boom: reducing the nation's crucial economic advance to a creep and running up a $13.5 billion budget deficit – which is the basis for all his continuing fiscal problems today. Eisenhower mistook a Sputnik for a toy in the sky, though what it signaled was the loss of American primacy. But always there were pietistic reassurances; schools and cities decayed but the public was tranquilized, and the nation wallowed in what George Kennan last week called "a surfeit of privately sold gadgetry."

"If you ask me whether such a country has, over the long run, good chances of competing with a purposeful, serious and disciplined society such as that of the Soviet Union," Kennan added, "I must say that the answer is 'No'."

In other nations the press has been gagged. In America, in this strange Era, the press gagged itself. Even today Washington reporters know the unwritten convention that attacking the weary, 69-year-old Eisenhower just isn't done; that where they would cheerfully have whiplashed Truman they must put the blame on the "Administration," the "President's advisers" or some other circumlocution. (The President everybody now admits privately should have intervened early in the steel strike. Direct blame of Eisenhower? Nonsense! The polite way to write it – "the President was poorly advised not to intervene earlier"). It is like writing about a reigning monarch. Well, 1960 will be, let us hope whoever wins, the end of the period of circumlocution.

Why did this Era ever happen anyway? For four reasons principally, we think: In 1952, after turbulence, the country wanted to relax. Again, Eisenhower's image as hero, priest, invalid and man-above-the-battle all made realism difficult. Thirdly, a predominantly negative approach left little to challenge. And finally, Eisenhower's increasing conservatism (for example, his target, inflation) was what the business interests and most newspapers wanted.

Scandals and Scapegoats

★ Next Monday we get the chance to blame all the television scandals on the eggheads. Charles Van Doren, the versatile $4400-a-year instructor who ran his prize money on "Twenty-One" up to $129,000 and a $50,000 job at NBC, steps forward for a new role, national scapegoat. Who likes intellectuals, anyway; what fun it will be, barbecuing Van Doren!

In short, circumstances seem promising to make the public forget the real issue at stake in taking it all out against a few individuals whom the system corrupted. Two simple rules could transform American television: All advertising should come at the beginning and end of an hour period (programs should never, never be interrupted by commercials). And the TV company, *not* the advertisers, should arrange and underwrite programs. Of course if you wanted something more radical you could have tax-supported TV; we think our proposals would meet most problems.

Through Communist Blinkers

★ Fate was unkind, we think, to Soviet ambassador Mikhail Menshikov. He has gone home on "vacation" with some well-publicized ailments. Washington waits to find whether he comes back, or joins Mr. Molotov in some lively, unusual spot like Outer Mongolia. For 40 years Marxist dogma demanded a picture of a shaky, corrupt, decadent America from Washington, and Soviet diplomats and *Tass* faithfully supplied the standardized demand. Then Mr. K came over to see for himself. Members of the press on the hectic trip know that all through those incredible 13 days Menshikov fought to defend his picture of the US. He was out to show America's gloomy side just as poor Cabot Lodge was out to show the bright. (Dramatic isn't it? – the little bad angel and the little good angel wrestling for roly-poly Mr. K!) Well, anyway Mr. K wears Communist blinkers, but he has shrewd, bright peasant's eyes for all that. The traveling US press developed a wry affection for him. And now Menshikov suddenly goes back to Moscow. How about all those workers' cars, eh Mikhail; how about all those workers' homes in San Francisco which the Moscow press said couldn't be sold at the price? Come, come Mikhail! – there is an old Russian proverb that says, "Use too much poison on a dead rat and you end up in Outer Mongolia."

Notes

★ Some of De Gaulle's truculence is ascribed to an A-bomb France is expected to explode shortly . . . American doctors shake their heads over Khrushchev's weight, blood pressure, eating habits and reports of previous symptoms; diplomats suspect a change of leaders in Moscow at present would be for the worse.

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Relaxation for What?

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A rift is opening up within the councils of the Democratic Party over how the US should respond to the challenge posed by Mr. Khrushchev. What the factions have in common is greater than what separates them; nevertheless the rift is real, though hard to measure. On one side stands the chairman of the party's Advisory Committee on Foreign Policy, Dean Acheson, and on the other the former Ambassador to the USSR, George F. Kennan. Allied with Mr. Acheson is Paul H. Nitze, vice chairman of the Advisory Committee and successor under Secretary Acheson to Mr. Kennan as Director of the Department of State's Policy Planning Staff.

The rift, of which the public had a glimpse two years ago when it read Mr. Acheson's attack on lectures delivered by Mr. Kennan over the BBC, again became visible last week when Kennan addressed the Women's National Democratic Club in Washington. He spoke, as he has in the past, of the fearfulness of these "weapons of indiscriminate mass destruction," urging their renunciation and a restoration of conventional military strength. He appealed for a less intransigent attitude toward the Soviet Union which, he said, presents "a much more hopeful and encouraging personality than the one that confronted us 10 years ago." Khrushchev, he declared, is a "man of whose sincerity, at least when it comes to the desire to see the competition between the two systems carried forward by means other than those of major war, we need have no doubt."

On the day Mr. Kennan spoke to the Democratic ladies in Washington, Walter Lippmann in a blunt column took a parallel though not identical line. He named Harry Truman, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Nitze as men who "have a strong interest in not engaging in serious negotiation about Berlin with the Russians." He said that they are "like old soldiers trying to relive the battles in which they won their fame and glory. . . . Their preoccupation with their own past history is preventing them from dealing with the new phase of the Cold War. A rigid and unchanging diplomacy, which is what they advise, will not work in the present . . . because it compels the country to oppose all moves toward accommodation. This is an impossible platform from which to exercise world leadership."

Clearly then, there is some kind of fight going on. The "sides" cannot be neatly demarcated yet a rough classification suggests itself from a reading of what various Democratic leaders have been saying about East-West negotiations: To begin with, Harry S. Truman said,

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October 9, 1959, "I still do not think it advisable for the President to go to Moscow."

"The only agreements which are possible now would be disadvantageous to us and would not diminish the dangers of nuclear war." – Dean Acheson *in "Power and Diplomacy," 1958.*

"I would tell Mr. Khrushchev I would not discuss Berlin. . . . The present occupation status is quite satisfactory. It is quite adequate – leave it alone."
– Mr. Acheson, *October 2, 1959.*

"We could probably not accept a ban on the testing of small nuclear weapons; there is still much work to be done if small weapons with minimum radiation hazard are to be developed. We could not accept a complete ban on atomic weapons." – Paul H. Nitze, *addressing The Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research, 1958.*

"Most of the things for which there is both public support and Soviet willingness to negotiate are likely to constitute a thin edge of a wedge which, if driven one step further, would knock the foundations out from under our current defense policy."
– Mr. Nitze, *in the same paper.*

"Any plan that involved true German reunification, or even a major risk to the Communists that true reunification would flow from it, must also provide for the mutual withdrawal of foreign forces from Germany, and the withdrawal of Germany from NATO, if it is to be negotiable with the Russians under today's circumstances. I don't think this is a price which the West, and particularly the West Germans, are prepared to pay for a German settlement. Some think we should. Under today's circumstances, I don't think they are right."
– Mr. Nitze, *February 21, 1959.*

There is a contrasting spirit, one more hopeful and experimental, about the views of others:

"I think Mr. Khrushchev is serious and wants to reduce the burden and danger of armaments step by step with simultaneous inspection and control appropriate to each step." – Adlai Stevenson, *September 24, 1959.*

"Negative agreement on what we will not do must now be transmuted into positive agreement on what we will do – what we will propose, what we will be prepared to give in return for what benefits."
– Hubert Humphrey, *April 11, 1959.*

"To what extent, if at all, the Kremlin would be swayed by a new American initiative and a comprehensive American peace policy . . . no man can say. But this is a fast-moving age, and one of infinite possibilities. Changes within the Soviet Union have been considerable since Stalin's death."–Chester Bowles, *April, 1959.*

"It seems to me essential that our policy, NATO's policies, do not exclude a careful consideration of the Rapacki Plan, the Eden Plan for a demilitarized zone in middle Europe, or similar proposals in connection with the unification of Germany. . . . If there is to be any possibility of peace, we shall have to make some concessions." – Sen. Mike Mansfield, *February 12, 1959.*

And finally, Mr. Kennan last week: "Let us applaud every effort made by our national leadership in the direction of better international understanding and the settlement of the great outstanding issues. Let's do this even though these efforts involve an element of risk, even though they occasionally involve giving the other fellow the benefit of the doubt."

Where the Approach Differs

Although Mr. Kennan has figured prominently in this debate it would be an error to think of him as headmaster of an influential school of thinking among the Democrats. Many sympathize with his objections to an outmoded "rigid and unchanging diplomacy," but few would be willing to endorse his every word. The reluctance is not unjustified, for although Mr. Kennan properly warns against becoming obsessed with the idea that the Russians are yearning to attack Western Europe militarily, he is not equally emphatic about the reality of continuing Communist penetration by means of trade and aid deals, threats, propaganda and subversion. It is also not always easy to understand what precisely Mr. Kennan means. Thus he seemed to suggest last week that by an effort of our will alone, nuclear weapons could be done away with. Yet, they cannot be undiscovered; they are here; and his only reference to the creation of an international mechanism for *assuring* their renunciation by all nations was made as an aside: "We would not abandon our nuclear arms unless they did the same and unless adequate inspection facilities were granted." This, however, is the nub of the negotiations for a test ban that have been going on so long in Geneva!

This whole discussion of the US response to Khrushchev's Russia has not yet been raised to the level of a Great Debate. Even at this stage, however, the various points of view are bound to be reflected in the Democratic Party platform that is written in 1960, and perhaps in the election itself. Obviously, no party wishes to be identified as a war party, anymore than it can or would offer itself to the voters as the party of peace-at-any-price. Once the Democratic Presidential nominee is chosen the debate will be suspended, at least openly and temporarily, for it will be he who articulates the party's approach to East-West accommodations. But who will the candidate be, and whose advice will he be most inclined to accept? It is significant that Mr. Acheson

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and Mr. Truman have expressed their admiration for Lyndon Johnson, and that their enthusiasm for others – possibly excepting Stuart Symington – is muted.

In part, of course, the wrangle arises out of the clash of personalities. Mr. Acheson takes a proprietary interest in the foreign policy of the Democratic Party. He does not suffer differences of opinion on these vital matters gladly. And as the man so unjustly charged by Richard Nixon in 1952 with being head of the "Cowardly College of Communist Containment," he would be inhuman were he uninterested in vindication. Still, his disagreements with fellow-members of the Democratic Advisory Committee are not only the result of temperamental differences.

It has become more than likely that any war between the great powers will be fought with nuclear weapons, and since nuclear war *is* "unthinkable" the US must explore every possible means for averting it. But to the Acheson school this could be fatal, for it considers we are less endangered by the possibility of nuclear war than we are by a failure of nerve; leaders must have the courage *not* to tell "people what they want to hear," which is Mr. Acheson's judgment of what Mr. Kennan is doing.

Fundamentally, much of this entire debate turns on differing estimates of the meaning of recent changes in the Soviet Union. There are, on the one hand, informed persons who think a relaxation of tension would be mutually beneficial. They do not conclude from this that competition with the Communists could or should cease, or that such competition will be easy or cheap. But they believe, and we share the belief, that a thaw is in process, and that a self-confident West ought to encourage the continuance of that process. And this belief derives from two circumstances which were not present five years ago: Soviet military parity with the US as a consequence of Soviet scientific and technical progress; and the mellowing of the Soviet dictatorship since Stalin's death.

On the first of these developments and its implications, Mr. Lippmann wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1958, that, "It is certain beyond all doubt that the Western allies are not now superior and all-compelling. There is, moreover, no prospect whatever that the time is coming when they will be able *to compel* the Soviet Union to accept their official terms of settlement. This is a situation from which truly realistic thinking must start. The situation calls for a reappraisal of the official terms of settlement."

On the second pivotal point in the dispute – the character of Soviet intentions – it is not that Mr. Acheson or Mr. Nitze have said that Russia intends to march through Europe tomorrow or even five years hence. What they seem to fear is that any hint of a willingness to compromise will set the stage for multiplying concessions and an inescapable yielding to Communist pressures. In one sense, they find the Russia of Khrushchev more menacing than the Russia of Stalin, because it appears less menacing – though it is stronger.

The more promising interpretation of Soviet society today is Mr. Kennan's: "It would be a tremendous mistake on our part to fail to recognize the difference between 1952 and 1959 and to deal with Soviet power as though nothing had changed in the interval. Only people who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing over the years since Stalin's death could make that mistake." He sees the Soviet Union now as primarily concerned with a consolidation of its gains, rather than in outward expansion. It is the view that Khrushchev needs peace to make good on his promise of a better life for Soviet citizens. There is the suspicion also that Khrushchev may not be entirely easy with his Chinese allies, that he may desire relaxation in the West in order to be better prepared for any show-down that may come later in the East.

In brief, those who are uneasy over Mr. Acheson's line think that coexistence could work, that every effort must be made to make it work, and this was the theme of Mr. Lippmann on April 29, 1959: "We do not have to be stupid or soft in negotiation, but I would like to see us identify ourselves with the future, and to stand again as we have done in our better days with those who have the courage to hope and to believe."

Nonpartisan Common Ground

But let us try to see the argument in perspective. This is not the old debate, at least not among the 29 members of Mr. Acheson's Democratic Advisory Committee on Foreign Policy, between internationalists and isolationists, nor between hard- and soft-shell liberals over the meaning of the Communist revolution. All these Democrats, like a great many Republicans, want a strong America – militarily, morally, economically – and an America that works closely with its allies. None thinks that the American image abroad is the best that can be projected. None advocates "surrender." All fear that as a nation we may be losing our sense of purpose and falsely equating prosperity with security. Each would agree that the US has relied too heavily on the nuclear deterrent. None thinks that West Berlin should be turned over to the Communists, or that blind faith can be placed in Soviet statements. They do disagree over how satisfactory our present policies are and how enterprising we should be in searching for a less unstable relationship with Moscow. But the disagreement is not confined to Democrats.

What has happened is that on foreign policy each party is divided not so much from the other as within itself. In each party there are those who think that present fixed positions should not be tampered with, and those who think that changes are necessary. Among

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both Democrats and Republicans in Congress, as the last session proved, there is growing sentiment for a return to protectionism and economic nationalism, to Buy-Americanism. This is fostered not only by manufacturer groups but by those trade unionists who fear foreign competition, and by those who do not see why dollars loaned abroad should not be spent for American goods – even though many of those goods have priced themselves out of the world market. There are also strong elements in both parties which interpret relaxation as an opportunity to cut back even further the defense budget. Last week discussions were held in Washington among the Secretaries of State, Defense and Treasury which, in the opinion of Hanson W. Baldwin, *New York Times* correspondent, may produce "the most stringent and austere defense budget since the end of the Korean War," primarily due to "the heavy hand of the Bureau of the Budget."

If these budget-cutting, tariff-raising, aid-denying elements are going to determine US policy, Mr. Acheson may turn out to be right: relaxation may come to mean gradual victory by a more virile and disciplined Communist bloc. But that outcome is not preordained. The controlling assumption of those who welcome a thaw, who want to reverse the trend toward a nuclear showdown is that relaxation of tensions does not mean the West can relax. A German settlement, an end to nuclear testing, a progressive disarmament could enable the West to contest *more* effectively Mr. Khrushchev's confidence that history is going his way. Mr. Kennan himself begs not for less defense but for "a major strengthening of our conventional forces," so that we may be able to respond to military acts or threats by means other than those which are suicidal.

The leadership which is needed is one that recognizes, as Mr. Kennan does, that holding to fixed positions is not the summit of wisdom. But it would also recognize, as Mr. Acheson certainly does, that summitry is a means and not a policy, and that successful *competitive* coexistence will demand sacrifices which the American public may not at present be willing to tolerate. Competitive coexistence might require larger, not smaller, expenditures for conventional forces; it might require higher taxes; it might require a reallocation of our resources so that more of our skills and wealth can be diverted into areas which are becoming poorer while we get richer. It might require a 10- or 20-year program of Western economic assistance to underdeveloped areas conceived without hope of a quick cash return.

The question is not, except for those who believe in preventive war, whether we shall live in the same world with the Communists; it is how we will use the life we have. It is whether the West is willing to take those steps which would assure that coexistence does not become, as Mr. Acheson fears it may become, a pretext for complacency and a prelude to the decline of freedom.

Love that Lyndon

Why does Lyndon Johnson offer himself to be twice scorned by the Democratic National Convention? The humiliating experience of receiving no acceptances to his invitation to the 1956 Convention to elevate him from Favorite Son to Serious Presidential Candidate status must have made some impression on the proud Texan. And surely one so savvy knows that American political history is bare of nominees for the highest office with records of unblemished allegiance to the selfish interests of a single industry – *e.g.* Senator Johnson's with respect to oil and gas; and that if Texas stands by Mr. Rayburn's promise that its backing of Johnson will be "none of this one-ballot stuff," Texas again – as in the last two conventions – will not be on board when the bandwagon for the winner starts to roll.

Undoubtedly there are other Democrats who share the joy of Mrs. Perle Mesta, who happened to be in Dallas for a fashion show the day "Mr. Sam" threw the Senator's hat in the ring. "He's my boy," she told the press. "I've just been waiting to be sure he was running." Announcing early gives plenty of time to line up votes among friends who pleaded other commitments when Johnson sought last-minute support at Chicago. This time they can't say he didn't warn them.

With Sen. Richard Russell at last ready to yield the leadership of the Solid South, Johnson will inherit Russell's past votes in most of these states from the first ballot on – in the others after token ballots for favorite sons. In the hands of a skilled trader this bloc can be telling in a close convention race. And Johnson can look forward to a seller's market at Los Angeles.

Audit of Little Rock

The Southern Regional Council has performed the useful service of digesting into a few, well-documented pages a report on what has happened to Little Rock since the school crisis. New industry shunned the city entirely in 1958 and 1959. In 1957, before the trouble at Central High, eight new plants valued at $3 million created 1,002 new jobs in Little Rock. No new plants located there in 1958-59. Industrial managers said to the Women's Emergency Committee interviewers they thought that "new plants have avoided Little Rock because of the school situation." Expansions of existing

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plants also declined abruptly – from eight in 1956 to one each in 1958 and 1959. Newcomers to Little Rock have declined in number. One-third fewer Arkansas families will move into Little Rock this year than in 1957, it is estimated – and 50 percent fewer out-of-state families will come in.

The sale of homes is off between 20 and 25 percent this year over last, and there are 20 percent more rental vacancies. Income gain in Little Rock has fallen below the gain in the rest of Arkansas. Business volume and total consumer purchases are both lagging.

People with professional training are leaving Little Rock – one out of five of the professionally trained who were interviewed said they were leaving or that they planned to leave if the public high schools did not open this year. And personnel managers report great difficulty in filling jobs.

Lowest of the Low

The average earning of the migratory worker in 1957 was $892. He is not protected by minimum wage laws, unemployment insurance, federal labor tribunals or state workmen's compensation programs. "Beyond wanting migrants to be available when needed and to be gone when not needed," said the President's Commission on Migratory Labor in 1951, "they are expected to work under conditions no longer typical or characteristic of the American standard of life."

The degradation of the migrant's lot is so well-established that one would expect some mild discomfiture on the part of those opposing the reform plans of Labor Secretary Mitchell. But the Farm Bureau and its allies, including Agriculture Secretary Benson, show no embarrassment; their defense is an indignant offensive against Secretary Mitchell. Still, after hearings last month marked by bitter farm group opposition, the Secretary is reported resolved to issue four new regulations by the end of November. The regulations would rest on existing legislative authority and would do no more than check the worst abuses of migrants. Secretary Benson, however, testified that they would "constitute regimentation . . . repugnant to agriculture." Farm-bloc Congressmen tried to get all jurisdiction over migrants transferred from Labor to Agriculture and to get special hands-off riders tacked onto appropriations bills. A group of Southern members asserted that the Mitchell plan was "against religion."

The nub of the Mitchell proposal is that the use of tax-supported public employment services, which last year recruited 160,000 migrants for farmers, would be denied to agricultural employers who undercut prevailing wage, housing, transportation standards. The farmer would still be free to recruit his own labor.

Since agriculture is by-and-large exempt from unemployment compensation benefits, it makes no dollar contribution to the farm-placement program. Employment services of the various states are financed entirely by compensation-covered industries. This means the farmer gets the benefit of the program without contributing to its support. Mitchell's regulations have been framed as amendments to the Farm Placement Act. In addition to setting wage and transportation standards and enforcing their observance, state employment services, before undertaking interstate hiring, would have to make certain that migrants are not used to deprive local workers of job opportunities; that the farm employer does not ignore local health, sanitary and housing codes in facilities provided for the migrants; and that records on the worker's past job contracts are taken into account before he is referred.

One big loophole in the proposed regulations is that they are restricted to 450,000 "domestic" migrants and are expected to apply, in practice, only to the 160,000 of this total who are now placed in jobs through state employment services. The 500,000 farm laborers imported annually, notably the Mexicans in the Western states, are left out. This is the principal reason for the opposition of organized labor to the Mitchell plan. The trade unions point out also that by leaving the determination of prevailing wage and transport standards to state employment services a great deal is left to chance: Farm employers in a region might well combine, it is argued, to fix the prevailing wage at lower levels than ever.

Mitchell's reforms will certainly not significantly raise the $892 annual income of migratory workers who would be covered, but the new regulations will give some support to state groups, such as the Willner Committee in Oregon, which have pressed for improvement in the working conditions and pay of the migrants. And Secretary Mitchell is said to be considering a migrants' minimum wage bill for the next Congress.

Who Goes to College?

The founding of American College Testing, Inc., last month marked the end of an era. For 60 years the College Entrance Examination Board had monopolized the evaluation of college applicants. Now colleges will have their choice of two organizations to do their testing, and with luck this may provide a choice of two perspectives on what constitutes "ability" in a college candidate. Not that there is anything inherently wrong with the College Board's outlook; it is just a bit narrow. The Board is the creature of 250 elite colleges, almost all of which are dominated by scholarly faculties, and share the ideal of a college as a community of scholars, dedicated to the accumulation, preservation and transmission of higher learning. For almost all of these colleges,

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the ideal applicant is the one whose interests and insights most resemble those of the faculty.

In order to discover such ideal students, the College Board devised an "objective" multiple choice test which is supposed to measure "scholastic aptitude." This year such a test will be required of almost every applicant to the 250 distinguished colleges that compose the College Board. If the student's score is much below the norm for the college of his choice, he will either be discouraged from applying or else rejected as unlikely to profit from exposure to the academic atmosphere.

So long as one's only interest is in transforming colleges from country clubs to scholarly clubs, this insistence on "scholastic aptitude" is praiseworthy. But if you stop worrying about colleges, and start worrying about the country as a whole, your perspective changes. A young man who fails to get into a respectable college has little chance of ever holding a responsible job in business, government or the professions. The possibility of reversing this trend appears to be about nil. Thus any prerequisite for college admission, including "scholastic aptitude," is also a prerequisite for such unscholarly activities as business and the ministry. Since there is no evidence that "scholastic aptitude" is required to serve either God or Mammon, the colleges are unintentionally eliminating from these callings young men who are otherwise qualified.

Such squandering of human resources is partly the inevitable result of a conflict between colleges which want more scholars and a nation which wants not only scholars but creative and responsible leadership. Yet many colleges recognize the limitations of "scholastic aptitude" and search desperately for supplements or substitutes. They would gladly place more emphasis on imagination, ambition and personal integrity, if they only knew how to discover such virtues.

No sane man would propose that tests can reduce "human aptitude" to numerical scores, as the College Board now reduces "scholastic aptitude." Questionnaires, "Personality Inventories," and other "economical" mass interviews are a bad joke when used for purposes of selectivity. But situations which challenge the imagination and reveal something of one's character can be devised – the most familiar, if not the most effective, example being the ink-blot test. If one of the two college testing organizations were to throw itself into developing tests of this sort and making them accessible for college use, the new era of testing might benefit the nation as the era just closed has benefited colleges.

NEXT WEEK

Jean Daniel on
De Gaulle and the Summit

Terence Prittie on
The Two Germanys

Denis Warner on
Cambodia's Communists

Castro Under Pressure

Terrorist counter-revolutionary attacks of the kind that brought death and demonstrations in Havana last week gave force to those who are pushing Castro's 26th of July regime toward open dictatorship.

The whole Cuban social structure crumbled with the fall of Batista; the "Fidelista" movement has had the task of creating an entirely new order in its place. And this has not been easy since the Castro movement is not a coherent organization but merely a fighting front of moderates, extremists, fanatics and democrats, not all of whom favor evolution to a stable, democratic system.

What has been going on behind Castro's hesitations, errors and abundant rhetoric is a fight for supremacy between three competing groups: the traditional state machinery, the rebel army and the new INRA (National Institute of Agrarian Reform). Until recently the first of these appeared to be winning out. But the outbreaks of violence have strengthened the others.

The army, politically the least experienced of the three, and therefore the most susceptible to Communism, tends the most toward dictatorship. The INRA is too young to label accurately, but it has a rising bureaucracy and the possibility of exerting a vital economic force through the peasant and provincial population.

Both the army and the INRA are setting up programs of their own to duplicate the normal activities of the government in education, public health and public works. Both have their own publishing houses and newspapers.

Until now Fidel Castro has been able to act as arbiter between the three competing forces, due to his enormous prestige (much greater than foreign observers see) and the navy. The navy, the only traditional Cuban military structure with the only military technicians in the country, never subjected itself to Batista. It has been directly commanded by Fidel Castro. But now suddenly he has named his brother, Raul, Minister of the Revolutionary Armed Forces which includes control of the navy, although he knows his brother's unpopularity.

The explanation apparently is that his opponents among those damaged by the agrarian reform and friends of the ex-dictator Batista are becoming so active and so threatening that he feels the need for the maximum of filial as well as military allegiance.

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THE FACTS ABOUT NIXON – VI

He had done his best for Eisenhower, and in the process had won for himself the Vice Presidential nomination. The 1952 campaign was well under way when the news of a special "Nixon Fund" hit the GOP crusade with the force of an atomic missile. Should he be dropped from the ticket? But in the end, the public cheered Nixon's televised appeal for vindication, and he resumed his attack on corruption and on what he called Acheson's "College of Cowardly Communist Containment."

"You're My Boy"

by William Costello

Except for a historical fluke – the expense fund affair – Nixon's part in the 1952 campaign might have run true to the Throttlebottom tradition. Although having the makings of a better-than-average campaigner, he was still only a candidate for Vice President. To this political reality he accommodated himself without quibble. Eisenhower became in his lexicon "the top guy." On his arrival in Washington July 13, he was already dedicated to the "wonderful candidate" he had eulogized in his acceptance speech. He told interviewers: "I want to familiarize myself thoroughly with everything the General has said. I must conduct my own campaign activities in complete harmony with the General." He insisted he would make no plans until he had talked over everything in detail with Eisenhower. In formulating the issues, however, he showed no hesitation.

He told the *Kansas City Star*, whose publisher Roy Roberts had helped pick him as the nominee, that he had selected four main issues: peace, corruption, Communism at home and the pocketbook. His advisers told the *Star's* staff writer that there was no question but that the Alger Hiss case would be a major part of the campaign, and there was no reluctance on Nixon's part to elaborate on the Communist issue: "The Administration has dragged its feet," he said, "has condoned corruption and Communism until forced to act. . . . The most devastating thing that can be said about the Truman record is that he has lost 600 million people to the Communists. I will repeat that over and over. There's one difference between the Reds and the Pinks. The Pinks want to socialize America. The Reds want to socialize the world and make Moscow the world capital. Their paths are similar; they have the same bible – the teachings of Karl Marx."

And as if to foreshadow what was to be not only the great crisis of the campaign but the greatest crisis in Nixon's life, the *Kansas City Star* interviewer reported: "The Californian said he and his wife, *with no other sources of income except his salary as Senator*, are as familiar as most Americans are with the household budget crimp resulting from 'the twin pincers of high taxes and high prices'."

Even before the campaign got under way, McCarthyism was a sensitive issue. Nixon made a cautious effort on August 22 to hedge by telling William S. White of the *New York Times* that, in advance of the Wisconsin primary, he would not endorse either "the views or the methods" of Senator McCarthy if he were to speak in the state. Reaction in Republican circles to this cautious disavowal was so violent, however, that Nixon found it necessary to say in a public statement that he and General Eisenhower believed the Republicans must gain control of Congress "to carry through the program of cleaning up the mess in Washington." He then laid down the party policy in these words: "This means we must elect sufficient Congressmen and Senators to organize the Congress. For that reason I intend to campaign in the various states . . . for the election of Republican nominees – this means all states where I campaign."

Most of what followed was foreshadowed in the preliminary warmup. There was an understanding with Eisenhower that the General would build his appeal principally on the moral plane. Nixon was left at the unheroic level of "practical" politics with the task of deflating the opposition, of hammering away in his best *ad hominem* style at Democratic weaknesses. Nixon stated the position frankly September 2 when he launched a four-day trial run at Bangor, Maine: "If the record itself smears, let it smear. If the dry rot of corruption and Communism, which has eaten deep into our body politic during the past seven years, can only be chopped out with a hatchet–then let's call for a hatchet."

In a series of hard-hitting speeches in New England, he proceeded to reject the idea of a "nicey-nice little powder-puff duel"; to chide Stevenson for "referring to the Communist menace in America as phantoms"; to charge that for every Administration scandal that had been revealed "there are 10 which haven't yet been un-

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covered"; to assert that respect for public servants "can only be restored by a thorough housecleaning of the sticky-fingered crew now contaminating the national capital"; to declare that General Eisenhower had pledged himself to try to "liberate" Iron Curtain nations while Stevenson had offered nothing more than a "negative policy of containment"; and to warn that the American people would condemn themselves to "ultimate national suicide" if they voted to continue the Democratic Administration in power.

Having concluded some 40 speeches on his New England tryout, Nixon paused briefly in Washington to consolidate his itinerary, and on September 17 was again in California after a flying visit with Eisenhower in Denver. Ahead of Nixon on his return to the West Coast was a major whistlestopping tour of 50 cities in 11 Western states, a tour that he began the next morning by declaring the Truman Administration had refused or failed to do anything effective about a "cancerous condition" of dishonesty in public office.

That same day, September 18, as Nixon chugged placidly up the San Joaquin Valley, the crisis over his private expense fund broke. It was heralded by a full-page *New York Post* headline reading: SECRET NIXON FUND. It reported that, during his term in the Senate, a group of Californians representing major business interests had contributed $18,235, or about $870 a month, to help pay political expenses that Nixon would otherwise have had to pay out of his own pocket.

Checking the Facts

The story had its beginning with a disgruntled Republican, a Los Angeles county official who had found himself pressured into contributing to the fund and who grew weary of the exactions. Early in September, 1952, he took his story to Dan Green, pro-Democratic publisher of the *Independent Review*. Green in turn tipped off three Los Angeles reporters, Ernest Brashear of the *Los Angeles Daily News*, Leo Katcher of the *New York Post* and Richard Donovan of *The Reporter*, who undertook to document the story. By the time they had traced the fund to the bank on which checks were drawn and inspected some of the canceled checks, they were ready to confront the fund's trustee, Dana C. Smith, a Los Angeles lawyer who had helped handle Nixon's campaign finances.

Brashear had of course discussed with superiors on the *News* his efforts to run down the story, and he had every reason to expect them to welcome it since the *News* was supporting Adlai Stevenson. However, the general manager, Robert Smith, with a major scoop well within his grasp, chose for reasons of his own to share the story; he arranged that word of the fund's existence be relayed to Peter Edson, nationally syndicated and highly-respected columnist of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, a subsidiary of the pro-Eisenhower Scripps-Howard chain. In this manner, a journalistic cross-current was set in motion.

On Sunday, September 14, Edson was a member of a panel interviewing Nixon on *Meet the Press*. As it happened, he had already heard rumors about the fund before Smith's tip reached him, so after the broadcast he asked the Senator privately to tell him about "the fund we hear about." Nixon took the question in stride and referred Edson to Dana Smith; next day the columnist put in a long-distance call, got the facts from Smith, and wrote a straightforward, noncommittal account of it that went out in the mail September 17.

From the point of view of public relations handlers who are inclined to measure successes in terms of one-upmanship, this release of the bare bones of the story in Edson's column before anything else had appeared in print constituted a perverse kind of vindication, a sufficient evidence of good faith. Any subsequent publication in "hostile" form could therefore be interpreted as an attempt to distort the facts for malicious reasons.

Meanwhile on Monday, September 15, the day after Edson spoke to Nixon in New York and 48 hours before his column was distributed, Brashear, Katcher and Donovan visited Dana Smith, confronted him with their documentation and expressed an interest in hearing the rest of the story. Smith explained with impeccable candor that the donors had no selfish designs on their candidate. For years, he said, the government had been selling centralized control of all phases of American life, and individualists had been rendered impotent at the polls.

"Our thinking," said Smith, "was that we had to fight selling with selling, and for that job Dick Nixon seemed to be the best salesman against socialization available. That's his gift, really – salesmanship."

One of the reporters asked whether Governor Warren did not have similar qualifications.

"Frankly," Smith said, "Warren has too much of the other point of view, and he never has gone out selling the free-enterprise system. But Dick did just what we wanted him to do.

"After Nixon's election [to the Senate]," Smith said, "we did not stop thinking about him. We realized that his salary [$12,500 plus a tax-free $2,500 for expenses] was pitifully inadequate for a salesman of free enterprise trying to do a job for his people in California. We took the position that we had got Dick into this and that we were going to see him through.

"He told us he needed money for such things as long-distance phone calls, for 10,000 Christmas cards, for air-mail stamps on thousands of letters that couldn't be franked, for recordings that could be used on free radio time in California but that cost something to make, and for trips to California – he ought to make the trip at least three or four times a year.

"Well," said Smith in conclusion, "between the time

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of his election to the Senate and his nomination as Vice President, we gave him between $16,000 and $17,000 which I disbursed." (The exact amount turned out to be $18,168.87)

And Smith summed up the results from his point of view with a smile. "Here we had a fine salesman who didn't have enough money to do the kind of selling job we wanted, so we got together and took care of some of those things. Between 50 and 100 people put up the money, and we put a limit of $500 per person on the amount anyone could give in a single year . . . just so no one could say that we were buying a Senator." When the names were finally made public, there proved to be 76 contributors, including Herbert Hoover, Jr., who later served an unhappy hitch as Undersecretary of State.

These were the ingredients of the story as it made its first appearance September 18 in the *New York Post*. Simultaneously only six other dailies in the United States published the story, two of them using Edson's column. As a footnote on journalistic history, and a commentary on the resilience of political loyalties, the *Los Angeles Daily News* suppressed its own story and buried Edson's on an inside page. On Friday the 19th, according to a survey of 70 leading dailies, five were still suppressing the story entirely, while 14 of the remaining 65 were content to keep it tucked out of sight on inside pages.

After the uncertainly of the first 24 hours, the fund story mushroomed into a national sensation. First word that the fund story was to be published reached the Nixon Special at midnight, the 17th, shortly after his kickoff speech at Pomona, California, but a hurriedly-called conference in the Senator's private car led Rogers, Chotiner, and the staff to dismiss it as of no consequence. Next morning the first hint of trouble came when additional newsmen smelling a story, boarded the Special. By early afternoon on the 18th, after secluding himself from the press all day, Senator Nixon felt it advisable to issue a short statement outlining his version of the affair.

By Friday tensions were building up ominously. Welcoming delegations at way stations showed signs of skittishness. Telegrams and phone calls reached the Special in increasing numbers, asking questions, offering advice. One California newspaper, the independent *Sacramento Bee*, was ready with an editorial stating the issue in icily challenging terms:

> "The man who the people of the sovereign state of California believed was actually representing them is the pet and protégé of a special interest group of rich Southern Californians. To put it more bluntly, Nixon is their subsidized front man, if not, indeed, their lobbyist."

Under these pressures Nixon grew edgy. He had heard nothing from the Eisenhower Special, and all his political training argued for closing ranks in the face of danger. In this frame of mind his first public reaction to criticism, as painted in a colorful word picture in the *Los Angeles Examiner*, was shrill and tendentious. Early Friday afternoon, whistle-stopping at Marysville, standing in the bright sunshine, Nixon exclaimed in excitement as the Election Special was about to pull out: "I heard that question, over there," pointing to a heckler. The getaway whistle blew, but the Senator cried: "Hold the train! Hold the train!" The engineer got the signal and Nixon went on: "I heard that question. He said, 'Tell them about the $16,000'."

POLITICAL DOLES PAID OUT HERE
NIXON
FUND
NOTICE WE DON'T EXPECT FAVORS IN RETURN AS WE IS HIGHMINDED! -Watch!
The Democratic 20 year club
MEASUREMENTS 1952 POLITICAL MORALITY LOWER THAN A SNAKE'S HIPS
Yardley

"You Gotta Take Your Place in Line, Buddy!"

The crowd yelled and the candidate continued: "You folks know I did the work of investigating the Communists in the United States. Ever since I have done that work, the Communists and the left-wingers have been fighting me with every smear they have had.

"I want you folks to know something. I'm going to reveal it today for the first time. After I received the nomination for the Vice Presidency, I was warned that if I continued to attack the Communists and crooks in this Administration, they would smear me, and believe me, you can expect that they will continue to do so. They started it yesterday. They said I had taken money – $16,000. What they didn't point out was this: what I was doing was saving you money. The expenses of my office were in excess of the amounts allowed under the law. Rather than using the taxpayers' money for these expenses, what did I do?"

The crowd gave him a big hand. Nixon, talking rapid-

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ly and with full voice, went on: "What would you have had me do? I'll tell you what some of them do. They put their wives on the payroll. That's what Sparkman did. I don't believe in putting my wife on the payroll, and taking your money and using it for that purpose. I think most of you will agree on that. Pat Nixon has worked in my office night after night, and I can say this and say it proudly, she has never been on the government payroll since I have been in Washington. Would you want me to do what some people are doing? Take fat legal fees on the side? During the time I have been in Washington, I have never taken a legal fee, although as a lawyer I could legally but not ethically have done so. And I'm never going to do so in the future because I think that's a violation of a trust which my office has.

"You can be sure that the smears will continue to come, and the purpose of these smears is to make me, if possible, relent in my attacks on the Communists and the crooks in the present Administration. As far as I am concerned, they've got another guess coming. What I intend to do is go up and down this land, and the more they smear me the more I'm going to expose the Communists and the crooks and those who defend them until they throw them all out of Washington."

Eisenhower Delays

News of the Nixon fund reached the Eisenhower campaign train Thursday as it was rocking westward across Iowa. To avoid upsetting the General before a major speech, staff members withheld the story from him that day but gave it intensive study. The implications were not lost on veterans like Adams, Lodge and Summerfield – practical politicians all – and at first they took heart from the lack of local newspaper reaction. However, by the time the "Look Ahead, Neighbor" Special had passed through Omaha, the rest of the country began to be heard from, and a pall of gloom settled on those in the General's staff who looked ahead.

The crusade against the "mess in Washington" had been catching on. Being against corruption, anybody's corruption, had all the orthodoxy and fire of damning war from a bomb shelter. If the Democrats could make the imputation of scandal stand, it might even be that the fire had gone out of Ike's whole campaign.

One of those who kept cool and thereby placed Nixon in his lasting debt was Sherman Adams. On Friday, while others were urging Eisenhower to hurry up and do something – anything – right away, Adams advised caution. First, to gain time, the General released a statement; facts, he said confidently, would show the Senator "would not compromise with what is right." Adams then telephoned Paul Hoffman in Pasadena, ordered him to put 50 men onto an immediate analysis of the legal and financial aspects of the fund. Finally, to have a standby within reach if the worst should come, he phoned Senator Knowland in Hawaii and asked him to join the Eisenhower Special at once.

While the debate swelled, Eisenhower, after Friday's *pro forma* release, clamped his jaws in silence, shrinking from an act of judgment, unwilling either to absolve or condemn Nixon by fiat. On the 20th, as the gloomy train neared St. Louis, the General called newsmen together for an off-the-record talk in the press car. Alluding to a private poll in which the reporters had voted overwhelmingly that Nixon would have to be dropped, and conceding that the fund was by no means a closed incident, the General said he wanted all fair-minded people to be convinced, as he was, that his running mate was innocent of anything crooked or unethical.

"I don't care if you fellows are 40 to 2 against me, but I'm taking my time on this," Ike said, thinking back to the Patton incident of World War II. "Nothing's decided, contrary to your idea that this is all a set-up for a whitewash of Nixon. Nixon has got to be clean as a hound's tooth."

Nixon was faintly incredulous when word of the hound's-tooth doctrine was relayed to him, not so much on moral as on purely pragmatic grounds. In his primer of politics (which in the end turned out to be defective), parties defended their own against all comers, and anything less than unqualified support amounted to perfidy or stupidity or both. Yet in his rage and stupefaction, he could see the base of his support being eroded. The *New York Herald-Tribune* called for his withdrawal from the ticket, and the *Washington Post* likewise. The press as a whole was lining up two to one against him. Harold Stassen wired, advising him to resign for the good of the party, and Tom Dewey, reporting a growing consensus that Nixon should step aside, agreed that the Senator's only chance lay in a successful television report to the country.

It was Sunday the 21st before a plan for handling the crisis was agreed on. After four days of painful irresolution, Nixon was still sitting tight, still awaiting a call from the head of the ticket. The evening was well advanced when Eisenhower in St. Louis finally telephoned Nixon in Portland. Allowing for self-serving shades of exaggeration and vainglory in subsequent accounts, the Senator handled himself adroitly in this conversation. He was at once composed and impatient, deferential and assertive. He offered to withdraw if that was what Ike wanted; he suggested everyone concerned ought to hear his side of the story; he discussed the practical perils of a withdrawal, and finally delivered a lecture on the folly of procrastination, called for a quick, firm decision, and concluded with an earthy admonition that in politics a time comes when you have to fish or cut bait.

From Eisenhower's point of view, quite clearly, the upshot of the telephone conference was that Nixon either had to be pushed off the ticket – an act of *force majeure* against which the General's whole temperament

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rebelled – or else had to be given an opportunity to vindicate himself. Nixon's stubbornness therefore led to a long-distance strategy conference between Summerfield and Fred Seaton at the General's headquarters and Chotiner and Rogers at Nixon's.

By midnight, what emerged from their talks was a strategy of full disclosure, including a nationwide radio-television appearance by Nixon on Tuesday, the 23rd. Chairman Summerfield had first argued that the party treasury lacked the $75,000 for a broadcast on such a scale – it eventually included some 800 radio and TV outlets on NBC, CBS and Mutual – and tried to persuade Nixon to use the time of a commercial sponsor. In the end, after three groups of Eisenhower backers had pledged the money, the commitment was made, and eventually enough in the form of small contributions flowed in from listeners (his audience was estimated at 58 million) to pay the entire cost.

Nixon began the day of the broadcast with a swim and a long walk with Rogers, the volunteer assistant who was later to become Attorney-General. At intervals Nixon worked on the outline of his talk, a revised version of which finally covered five sheets of yellow paper in his own handwriting. At 4 o'clock he was urged to rehearse but refused, and even after his arrival at NBC's El Capitan theater studio with Mrs. Nixon, 15 minutes before air time, he declined to tell technicians whether he would remain seated throughout. He was explicitly aware, even though others may not have been, that his best prop, his surest ally was the spontaneity, the suspense, the "sincerity" he had so often advocated for political performers.

He sat down at a table in a stock library set, with his wife in frozen immobility nearby, and when the cue was given, he launched into the most controversial performance of his career.

Among sophisticates the "Checkers speech," as it became known, was unbearably corny, the worst of political hokum and soap opera combined. It began with an air of injured innocence – "I come before you tonight . . . a man whose honesty and integrity have been questioned" – and went on with a recital that ran the gamut of classic melodrama – family mortgages . . . borrowed money . . . the purchase of two houses . . . the respectable Republican cloth coat . . . his daughter's little cocker spaniel, Checkers . . . Navy service where the bombs were falling . . . the audit and the legal opinion . . . the unjust accusation . . . the Eisenhower crusade . . . the mess in Washington . . . the check for $10 from the young GI's wife . . . the poor little rich boy . . . and finally:

"I know that this is not the last of the smears. In spite of my explanation tonight other smears will be made. . . . I don't believe that I ought to quit, because I am not a quitter. And incidentally Pat is not a quitter . . . but the decision, my friends, is not mine. . . .

"For that reason I am submitting to the Republican National Committee tonight through this television broadcast the decision which it is theirs to make. Let them decide whether my position on the ticket will help or hurt. . . .

"And I am going to ask you to help them decide. Wire and write the Republican National Committee whether you think I should stay on or whether I should get off. . . .

"And, remember, folks, Eisenhower is a great man. Folks, he is a great man, and a vote for Eisenhower is a vote for what is good for America."

The Senator was no sooner off the air than it became apparent that the speech was a political triumph. The sophisticates were in a minority. For the rest of the populace, the high moral tone and the air of candor with which he bared the intimacies of his financial problems proved irresistible. Tens of thousands of telegrams and phone calls jammed the wires and isolated Nixon for hours from the rest of the country. Five days later Republican headquarters in Washington reported the receipt of 300,000 letters and telegrams signed by a million persons and running 350 to 1 in favor of Nixon.

Eisenhower was impressed, but once again he infuriated his youthful running mate by withholding a final blessing. He had watched the telecast in a private room

"Now You Kids Beat It"

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at the Cleveland Public Auditorium where a crowd of 17,000 was waiting to hear him speak. Throwing away his script he faced the crowd that had been chanting, "We want Nixon, we want Nixon," and declared: "I have been a warrior and I like courage. I have seen many brave men in tough situations. I have never seen any come through in better fashion than Senator Nixon did tonight."

Then, instead of slamming the door on the whole controversy, he read the audience a telegram inviting Nixon to meet him for "a face-to-face" talk at Wheeling, West Virginia, to help him "complete the formulation of my personal decision."

"It is obvious," said the General firmly, "that I have to have something more than one single presentation, necessarily limited to 30 minutes, the time allowed Senator Nixon."

Nixon Demands Vindication

Nixon's first reaction to the General's request was an explosive negative. All along he had lived in dread of the spectacle of his being summoned to the bar of judgment. Eisenhower had temporized for five days, unable or unwilling to make up his mind; and to both Nixon and Pat, trapped in the twilight of his irresolution, the strain was unbearable and there seemed no end in sight. Moreover, 107 members of the 138-man Republican National Committee who could be contacted in a quick poll had voted unanimously that Nixon should stay on the ticket.

When Summerfield finally got through to Los Angeles by telephone, Chotiner informed him that he had just finished tearing up a telegram of resignation for the General. He said Nixon was flying that night, not to Wheeling as the General had asked, but to Missoula, Montana, for his next scheduled speaking engagement. Chotiner assured Summerfield that Nixon would come to Wheeling only on one condition – a guarantee that he was to stay on the ticket and that Ike would use the occasion to reinforce his blessing with a public embrace.

The next morning at dawn, the 24th, the assurances reached Chotiner in Missoula; and when Nixon's plane landed at Wheeling later that day, it was all over in a matter of minutes. Brushing protocol aside, Ike ran up the ramp, and there followed the denouement that was to become a folklore classic.

"General, you didn't have to do this," said the surprised Nixon.

"Why not? You're my boy," beamed Ike.

And Nixon, the self-possessed political machine, wept on Senator Knowland's shoulder.

Yet that night he managed to make political hay out of his own seven-day agony. He told the audience at Wheeling a "lesser man" than Eisenhower would have called the charges a smear from the start and would have refused to listen to them. "Let me say this," said Nixon. "I am glad General Eisenhower didn't do that."

Emphasizing that the General had risked the success of his campaign and his whole political future, Nixon praised him for having said in effect, "Dick, take your case to the American people; bring out all the facts; tell the truth; and then we will make the decision as to what should be done."

"Folks, if he will do that with me," declared the Senator, "just think what he is going to do when he becomes President. It is going to be the cleanest, the most honest government America has ever had."

Still, the triumphal telecast did not lay all the ghosts. Notwithstanding his explanation, there remained certain indigestible facts: that real estate men gave 36 percent of the fund, manufacturing and distribution interests gave 19 percent, and oil interests another 19 percent; and that Nixon's votes on housing, on corporation taxation, on labor and on oil issues tended uniformly to favor their interests. In the cold afterglow of the campaign, it was apparent that some of his arguments were specious; some of his facts were subject to challenge; some of his assertions left unanswered questions.

It was specious, for example, to assert as he did that "not one cent . . . went to me for my personal use." Nixon himself told Peter Edson that, were it not for the fund he could not have made the down payment on his house in Washington. It stood to reason that the burden of staying in politics had been lifted from Nixon's shoulders by the fund, and his standard of living was thereby conspicuously improved. It was likewise specious to argue, as Nixon did repeatedly, that his purpose in accepting the gift was to save the taxpayers money. None of the expenses covered by the fund could have been legally charged to the taxpayer. In the Price Waterhouse audit several items are specifically stated to be "in excess of allowance."

Apropos that same line of argument, the Senator never during the controversy alluded to the fact that his regular office allowance in Congress was $70,000 a year, all of which he spent.

For obvious political reasons the controversy was handled in a way that omitted the key question: Is it morally right for a United States Senator to accept gifts from private interests having a large financial stake in matters on which the Senator speaks and votes? Not the least serious aspect of the Checkers broadcast was Nixon's statement that he had never so much as made a telephone call to a federal office on behalf of a fund contributor. The *Washington Star* on September 24, the day after the broadcast, reported that Nixon's office had interceded on behalf of Dana Smith himself in a Justice Department case in which a firm owned by Smith's family was asking a tax rebate of more than half a million dollars.

Politicians have an instinctive distrust of abstract

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moral considerations. The hound's-tooth doctrine as it was applied in the Eisenhower-Nixon crusade distinguished sharply between the abstract and the pragmatic in behavioral values. It defined morality as something different from politics, so that "moral" cleanliness was simply personal and had nothing to do with policy. Nixon was adjudged wholly "honest" by his GOP peers because it was evident that he had not been guilty of anything so crude as a confusion of public and private monies. The challenge had not been posed in those terms, and when it was answered in those terms alone, it was not answered at all.

Nixon was not alone in his eagerness to turn away from the moral issue. Eisenhower let the final tableau at Wheeling stand as a symbol of flagrant betrayal. In his Cleveland speech the previous night, reacting to the Checkers extravaganza with spontaneous good will, he had assured a nationwide audience that he would need "more than one single presentation of 30 minutes."

No one ever again heard a reference to that promise. No one among the millions who heard it was ever told what other "presentation" the General received. The dealers in expediency moved in overnight, and Chotiner carried things off at his end with a high hand. No one has ever been told what unresolved doubts, what high-minded reservations Eisenhower might have had or what assurances he might have required. So far as the record goes, the rest is silence.

Back to Work

With a one-day rest after the rendezvous at Wheeling, Nixon plunged straight back into the campaign. Starting September 26 at Ogden, Utah, and traveling by chartered airliner, his itinerary carried him across Colorado and into Oklahoma and Texas. Adhering to the Chotiner doctrine that once an attack had been answered the subject should be dropped, Nixon refused to dwell on the fund issue. By now the cynics had coined a new label for his campaign wares: K-1, C-3 – so called for Korea, Communism, corruption and controls, his four main topics. Observers noted two changes in the wake of the fund episode – the crowds were more curious and often more enthusiastic, and for a few days Nixon soft-pedaled corruption and gave major emphasis to the Republican issue that seemed to have the greatest popular appeal, the war in Korea.

On Ike's train the high-level treatment of the issues had found itself. As early as September 2, Eisenhower and his speech writer, Emmet Hughes, had joyously hit upon the refrain that was to lend the coloration of good, clean, rollicking moralism to the rest of their campaign – the refrain that Truman's Administration could only "stumble, fumble and fall."

Although the rest of the campaign was a downhill run, Nixon maintained a strenuous schedule to the end,

The Prodigal's Return

making as many as a dozen speeches a day. As a newfound celebrity he began to draw crowds of up to 20,000. A writer for the *Wall Street Journal* said he combined "youthful sincerity and charm, a folksy touch and a hard-hitting attack on the Truman Administration."

From day to day, through September and October, his speeches varied hardly at all except for a personal *tour de force* October 13. This was a nationwide television appearance recounting in detail his part in the Alger Hiss investigations of 1948. For his critics, among them the *Washington Post*, the speech's dominant note was its lack of restraint, its effort to "make the nation's flesh creep." The *Post*, pointing out that all through World War II the War Department continued to draft known Communists, took particular umbrage at Nixon's statement that General Eisenhower "never had an instance of infiltration into his command." The publication, although supporting the Republican ticket, called the Senator's remarks "dangerous demagogic nonsense" and reminded him with asperity that his "sudden rise to national prominence is one of those quadrennial accidents that come about because our parties do not take the Vice Presidency as seriously as they should."

Nixon used this major broadcast to elaborate on a theme that was part of his stock in trade throughout the campaign, the theme which he summarized in these words: "We can assume because of the cover-up of this Administration in the Hiss case that the Communists, the fellow-travelers, have not been cleaned out of

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the executive branch of the government."

He also dwelt heavily on an issue that he had introduced largely on his own initiative and used with only a minor assist from others in the party – the fact that Stevenson had filed a deposition as a character witness when Hiss was being tried for perjury. Nixon said, "There is no question in my mind as to the loyalty of Mr. Stevenson," but contended that the Democratic nominee had disqualified himself for public trust by "going down the line for the arch-traitor of our generation." He charged that Stevenson gave the statement after all the facts were known, that he acted voluntarily, that he used his prestige as Governor of Illinois on behalf of Hiss, and that Stevenson had never expressed indignation over Hiss' alleged treachery.

Ten days later he was saying in Minneapolis, "I do not question Mr. Stevenson's right to testify for his friend, Alger Hiss, for I am sure he really believed Hiss was a man of loyalty, veracity and integrity when he came to his defense in 1949. But Mr. Stevenson was dead wrong. . . . If Stevenson were to be taken in by Stalin as he was by Hiss, the Yalta sell-out would look like a great American diplomatic triumph by comparison."

In the minds of Democrats especially, these were dirty blows. Stevenson and Hiss could scarcely have been called "friends." The Governor had known Hiss briefly in 1933 in the Department of Agriculture; in 1945 at the United Nations Charter conference; and in 1946 and 1947 in connection with duties at the United Nations. They had never visited each other's homes. When Stevenson was asked by a United States commissioner to give an affidavit – at the same time that Justices Reed and Frankfurter and a number of other leading men were asked for statements – he knew he could either make a statement voluntarily or be forced to do so by subpoena.

Nevertheless, as the leading architect of the K-1, C-3 formula, Nixon showed no scruples about employing this variant of the basic attack. He developed other and more direct variations of the central theme. He called Stevenson "a weakling, a waster, and a small-caliber Truman" who had been put in the Illinois Governor's mansion by a political organization infested with "mobsters, gangsters and remnants of the old Capone gang." He referred to him as "Adlai the appeaser . . . who got a PhD from Dean Acheson's 'College of Cowardly Communist Containment'."

In the month leading up to the election, he charged:

> "Adlai Stevenson, if elected . . . would continue 'the policy of appeasement.' . . .
>
> "The word of Truman and Acheson, as well as that of Acheson's former assistant, Adlai Stevenson, gives the American people no hope for safety at home from the sinister threat of Communism."
>
> "I charge that the buried record will show that Mr. Truman and his associates, either through stupidity or political expedience, were primarily responsible for the unimpeded growth of the Communist conspiracy within the United States. I further charge that Mr. Truman, Dean Acheson and other Administration officials for political reasons covered up this Communist conspiracy and attempted to halt its exposure."

What these words conveyed to Nixon must remain problematical; the inference is that he interpreted them as professional political brickbats, nothing more. His opponents took a much more embittered view. To them, his sleight-of-hand juggling of words conveyed an impression that Truman, Stevenson and the Democrats generally had been guilty of treason.

Nixon apologists have always denied this, and it is true that the record contains no instance in which the Senator went as far as Joseph McCarthy. However, for Truman, Speaker Rayburn and other leading Democrats, Nixon's use of innuendo was unforgivable, and they held he went too far on at least one occasion. That was at Texarkana, October 27, 1952, when, according to an Associated Press dispatch, he told a Texas-Arkansas crowd: " . . . that President Truman and Adlai Stevenson are 'traitors to the high principles' of the Democratic Party. He said they tolerated and defended Communists in the government."

The ballots on November 4 gave the Republican ticket 33,936,234 votes, or 55.1 percent of the total, compared with Stevenson's 27,314,992 votes. To the victors went 39 states and 442 electoral votes. It was an Eisenhower victory, as witness the hairline margin by which Republicans took control of House and Senate, but to Nixon followers it had other portents. He had come a long way in six years, and the White House stood squarely across his horoscope.

NEXT WEEK: *Failure of the 1954 campaign and President Eisenhower's first heart attack*

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Southern Protestants and Desegregation

by Francis Pickens Miller

One day two or three years ago one of the best-informed and most forward-looking citizens in the community where I live stopped me on the street and said "Francis, why is the voice of Churches the only liberal voice left in the South?" The fact that this man was an intellectual who, as far as I knew, had no active connection with church life, made his question all the more arresting.

Of course the assumption behind my friend's enquiry is not entirely correct, but there is a certain amount of justification for his remark. No voices have been clearer than the voices of the large Protestant denominations in their official pronouncements regarding desegregation, and no more effective work has been done to create a climate favorable to compliance with Federal law than has been done by some of the members of these denominations.

In *Christians in Racial Crisis*, there is a very useful appendix containing official pronouncements of various churches. Most of these churches are national bodies. Two, however, are predominately Southern in their membership. Surprising as it may seem, these Southern churches have issued statements as strong, and in several instances stronger, than the statements of national churches. In 1954 the Southern Baptist Convention, meeting in St. Louis, said "We recognize that this Supreme Court decision is in harmony with the constitutional guarantee of equal freedom to all citizens, and with the Christian principles of equal justice and love for all men." A few days earlier the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church said "that enforced segregation of the races is discrimination which is out of harmony with Christian theology and ethics, and that the Church, in its relationship to cultural patterns, should lead rather than follow." At subsequent meetings, the General Assembly – far from retreating from its original position – has reaffirmed and amplified it, declaring in 1958 that "the recent decision of the Supreme Court regarding segregation in the Public Schools must be recognized as the law of the land, and obeyed as such. . . ." In 1864 the Assembly of this same church affirmed that "it is the peculiar mission of the Southern church to conserve the institution of slavery." The contrast between these two statements is a measure of the transformation that has taken place in the thinking of Southern churchmen.

Christians in Racial Crisis
A Study of the Little Rock ministry
by Thomas F. Pettigrew
and Ernest Q. Campbell
(Public Affairs Press; $3.50)

Segregation and Desegregation – a Christian Approach
by T. B. Maston
(Macmillan; $3.50)

A Southern Moderate Speaks
by Brooks Hays
(University of North Carolina; $3.50)

The Southern Heritage
by James McBride Dabbs
(Knopf; $4.00)

Crusader Without Violence
A biography of Martin Luther King, Jr.
by L. D. Reddick
(Harper; $3.95)

Those interested in forms of church administration will be intrigued by the fact that, on the whole, denominations with representative forms of church government have spoken more effectively in their official pronouncements regarding desegregation than denominations with episcopal forms of government. However, as far as the leadership of individual clergymen is concerned, this distinction is by no means valid.

One of the most puzzling aspects of the Southern scene is the frequent discrepancy between official pronouncements of denominational governing bodies and the prevailing mood of many of their local congregations. This discrepancy is sometimes explained on the assumption that governing bodies are dominated by the clergy. That is true in some denominations, but it is certainly not true in the Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, for example, where laymen have half of the votes and at least half of the influence. A better explanation would appear to be the remoteness of the atmosphere of the hall in which the vote is taken from the reality of the far-away communities from which the delegates have come. In the security of distance the delegates tend to vote for what they know is right.

But though most members of some denominations in the Deep South would disagree with the positions taken by the governing bodies of their denominations, that does not mean that these official pronouncements are of no use and have no influence. They have been tremendously useful, serving as standards around which men of goodwill could rally and as weapons with which moderates could defend themselves.

However, in the final analysis, the acid test of the role a church is playing in the field of desegregation is not what its official pronouncements say, but what its members do in the countless concrete situations of their daily lives in thousands of parishes across the South.

There have been martyrs in the South since 1954 – martyrs both from races – and their witness in particular communities is far more powerful than the witness of any written document, regardless of the authority of the governing body that may have issued it. The story of the living martyrdom of the Rev. Robert Blakely McNeil in Columbus, Georgia, as told by Ralph McGill in *The New York Times Magazine* for September 27, is a story that has been heard throughout the South and has made men everywhere bow their heads in shame and renew their determination to change the climate in their own churches.

Unfortunately, there are far too few men like Robert McNeil. Viewing the

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membership of our Southern churches as a whole in the areas where the Negro population is largest in relation to the white population, the picture to any outside observer is not only confusing, but thoroughly depressing. The mildest comment one can make is that the situation is paradoxial. Take the Southern Baptists, for example. If the rolls of the white citizen councils in the Deep South were checked, it would be discovered that most of the persons listed were also members of some Protestant denomination or sect, and many would probably call themselves Baptists. But as soon as this fact has registered, another fact strikes one. And that is that some of the most courageous ministers in the South in the field of race relations are Southern Baptist ministers. That church has also produced the Hon. Brooks Hays, author of *A Southern Moderate Speaks* and T. B. Maston, author of *Segregation and Desegregation – a Christian Approach* – the best book I know on this subject.

What then is one to say? On the one hand it is evident that members of Protestant Churches in various parts of the South have identified their traditional way of life with certain patterns of race relations and have confused these patterns with their religion. Little Rock provides ample evidence of that. But tragic as this may be, it is not too significant for the future. The story that has significance for the future is the story of the Christian conscience at work in the culture of the South. It is the story of the "yeast" referred to in the Gospels – the story of a quiet unpublicized process which is slowly but surely changing Southern opinion. Because, with all its short comings, which are many, the culture of the South has, at certain points, been profoundly influenced by the Christian religion. T. B. Maston writes:

> "A major element of hope for the ultimate resolvement of the segregation problem is the conscience of the South. As much as any section of the nation, the South has prided herself on her loyalty to democratic principles and to the Christian way of life. Many of the people of the South recognize that there is no sound basis for democracy without respect for law and for those who interpret and enforce the law. There must be obedience to law or there is anarchy. The tradition that a man is a man 'for all that' is also strong in the South, and it has been suggested that it is a strain to have to insert 'white' before man. The 'Bible Belt' is likewise in the South."

The new climate that is appearing in the South owes much to the much-maligned "social gospel" that was in vogue in the North fifty years ago. The "social gospel" in countless ways influenced many members of my generation – far more profoundly and far more redemptively than the safe conservative theologians of today would dare admit. And this influence is now bearing fruit. The number of laymen and laywomen is steadily growing who understand the nature of the crisis and are capable of acting creatively. Among this number none holds a more honored place than James McBride Dabbs, a South Carolina planter and author of *The Southern Heritage*.

There were such laymen in Little Rock but they became aware of their responsibility too late to organize in time.

I know another Southern community which two years ago looked as if it might repeat the Little Rock story. But in that community a group of laymen, who to some extent represented the local economic power structure, did organize in time and succeeded in creating a climate favorable to peaceful compliance with the orders of a Federal Court. Powerful economic self-interest certainly has to be taken into account in explaining their behavior. But I am convinced it was not the decisive factor because I have seen other equally intelligent men under the influence of equally powerful economic forces do absolutely nothing in a comparable situation. The decisive factor seemed to me to be conscience. Most of these men were active laymen in their respective churches and, as a result, had formed some notion of the kind of community envisaged by their religious faith – a community characterized by respect for law, a community in which peace prevailed because equal justice was administered without discrimination and order was maintained.

What these men did in their community was not a news story as the American daily press judges such things. Their private conversations with countless fellow citizens – the advice they gave and the steps they recommended to those who had the authority to take the steps – none of these things were a matter of public record and consequently did not meet the specifications for "news." Yet their quiet activity was more important in changing the course of events than most of the "facts" lurid enough to be reported in the newspapers.

Cultural change through the influence of persons on persons is particularly baffling to the sociologist. This process does not lend itself to precise measurement. It cannot be accurately described or analyzed, so it escapes the eye of the historian. But it's the most decisive force in making history. Even Pettigrew and Campbell miss the deeper forces at work in Little Rock. Their study is necessarily confined to observable data. Hence their study, interesting as it is, leaves the reader unprepared for the turn of the tide that seems to have occurred since the book was published.

For years to come the South will continue to pass through the dark valley of embittered race relations and excruciatingly painful readjustments. But I see real hope. In my own State there have been profound changes during the past twelve months – changes of mood as well as changes of policy. The Negroes and the whites have inherited the same religious tradition. In spite of the barriers that keep them apart and at times seem insuperable, at the deepest level of existence they have much in common. That is the real ground of my hope.

Every Southern white man should thank God that Martin Luther King was brought up in a Christian home and is preaching a blend of the gospel of the New Testament and the philosophy of Gandhi. Suppose that instead of doing what he has been doing, he had gone up and down the South organizing secret Mau Mau groups to fight the white man with terror? That has been the usual method men have used throughout history to enforce their will against another and more powerful race. But he has not done this because he is a Christian. Wherever there are white men and Negroes who understand their common religion, a bond exists which acts as a powerful reconciling force, however few their numbers may be. There will be many serious set-backs. But as long as the work of leavening the lump continues, there will be an increasing number of white Southerners who will appear at critical moments to provide ways for just and peaceful change.

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Strike Up the Bands

by Gerald W. Johnson

After he has been elected it is too late to discover that a man doesn't know how to run the Presidency and after one has been nominated by either of the two great parties there is not much chance of learning anything about him that corresponds to reality, for once the nominations are made each party employs every high-pressure liar available to portray its own man as a saint and his opponent as a monster.

Eric Sevareid accordingly has picked

Candidates – 1960
Edited by Eric Sevareid
(Basic Books; $4.95)

nine top-flight Washington correspondents and assigned to each the task of presenting a realistic sketch of one Presidential possibility, including the not impossible, albeit highly improbable, Dark Horse. Abetted in his purpose by Robert G. Spivack, who contributes a foreword, Sevareid himself sketches the Ideal Candidate and then turns loose his wrecking crew.

The result is six portraits, two dissections, and a catalogue, the last-named a series of vignettes of all imaginable and some unimaginable Dark Horses. The six portraitists paint heroes in whom I, for one, don't believe. But Philip Potter, handling Nixon, and Mary McGrory, Stevenson, go about their work with the detachment of a professor of anatomy staging a demonstration before a class.

The inquiring voter winds up with six question marks and two assortments of *disjecta membra,* from among which he is invited to select the Ideal Candidate. Since none comes close to meeting Mr. Sevareid's specifications, it is difficult.

Nevertheless, it is well worth reading both for information and for entertainment. Every one of the writers is a highly competent reporter, and if the portrait-painters are wondrous discreet about warts they are fine as flesh-tones. The Governor of New York, for instance, as shown by Don Irwin, may or may not be Rockefeller *in propria persona,* but he is recognizably human, and a highly civilized man, at that.

So with the others. An ingenious device is the presentation of three Republican candidates, to wit, Rockefeller, Nixon by Potter, and Nixon by Frank Holeman – obviously two quite different characters, the first a cadaver, the second a chameleon. When you come right down to it, though, isn't the essence of Nixon his quicksilver elusiveness? If these expert observers are far from agreement on what he is, what chance have you and I to be sure?

The presence of Stevenson in the Democratic list is itself a curiosity of current politics. He is the open and aboveboard non-candidate. He has cheerfully and publicly donned the Nessus-shirt supposed to be deadly to all candidates, the poisonous he-can't-win label. Now Mary McGrory has taken the remains apart with a scalpel as deft as the one Potter used on Nixon. This would seem to be conclusive; yet even McGrory ends her operation by quoting a Western politician as wondering why the Democratic Party shouldn't put up the best man it has.

Fletcher Knebel has done a fine service for Kennedy by narrating the story of how he brought back alive eleven of his thirteen men after his PT-boat was cut in two by a Japanese destroyer in the South Pacific. It is a story that gives a lift to the spirit, yet one that Kennedy himself could not possibly tell. Holeman does almost as well by Nixon in painting his courage at Caracas. At the same time, Knebel reminds us that Kennedy has a damaged spine, and Potter notes Nixon's high-blood pressure. But if it comes to that, Lyndon Johnson has a bad heart, Humphrey was rejected by the army for a double hernia and color-blindness, and Symington has a smashed elbow. One must bear in mind, though, that according to his own claim "the healthiest President" was Coolidge. In sum, this book presents no convincing reason why any of these gentlemen should not be elected President – and precious little reason why any of them should. So a question arises in the mind of an inhabitant of the hinterland – is this project in fact a revelation of the intellectual sterility of the era or a reflection of the fact that the intensity of purely political activity in Washington tends to make the most highly-trained, expert observers partially blind to the real needs and desires of the country?

It is my opinion that the country would be galvanized by any fresh thought, any suggestion of a new approach to the problems that we faced in 1952 and that we still face unsolved – indeed, not materially changed.

This is why so many rank-and-file voters listen with a somewhat abstracted air to the chatter of the professional politicians. The rank-and-file still keep a weather eye on Stevenson. He is the one man with a reputation for coming up with a startling notion, and usually a pretty good one, when it is least expected. They say he is not running, and maybe that is so; but when you leave Washington and get down to the grassroots, is anybody else?

Notes on Contributors

Francis Pickens Miller, *formerly moderator of the Presbyterian Synod of Virginia, is a member of the central committee of the World Council of Churches.* Frank R. Pierson *writes and produces TV shows in Hollywood.*

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THEATER

This Man Is Dangerous

Heartbreak House
by George Bernard Shaw
(Billy Rose Theater)

Heartbreak House is an extended nautical metaphor in three acts which displays Shaw in his most dangerous and most compelling mood. The setting for the play is a Sussex mansion in the shape of a ship, and the vessel, we learn, is pilotless: "The Captain is in his bunk, drinking bottled ditch water, and the crew is gambling in the forecastle." The ship, of course, is England; it is hopelessly adrift and headed for the rocks. The crew is the country's educated, leisured classes, gambling away their inheritance in the self-indulgent pursuit of pleasure, love, art, and culture; through their political irresponsibility, the helm of government has been abdicated to pirates – practical businessmen and thick-skinned horse-loving imperialists. With wisdom separated from power, culture from rule, England and the world are moving inexorably towards disaster. For the first time in his life, Shaw is half inclined to say, Let It Come Down.

For although Shaw's disposition was fundamentally optimistic, he is now approaching perilously close to despair, and in *Heartbreak House* his comic vision is clouded by fierce prophetic anger. Shaw's opinion of mankind was always very low but before this he was generally able to strengthen his spirits with the hope that men's criminal lunacy and aggressiveness could eventually be curbed through creative evolution. When he begins this play, in 1913, a horrible war is about to erupt, and in 1916, when he completes it, England is committing suicide on the battlefields of France. In *Man and Superman* (1903), the Devil had argued that man's ingenuity issued in destruction rather than progress, and, no doubt, these arguments are now resounding in his ears. Still not prepared to believe in human evil, Shaw's conviction that man is lazy, irresponsible, and cowardly is growing stronger than his belief in the future, for there is now a clear and present danger that man will exterminate himself before the Superman can evolve.

In consequence, the tone of this play is intensely bitter and aggressive. "We are useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished," asserts the self-critical Don Juan, Hector Hushabye, and when the bombers come, he turns on all the lights to help them find their target. Hesione, his idle, seductive wife, ecstatically identifies the explosions with a Beethoven Symphony; Captain Shotover speaks of the Last Judgment. Having lived badly, the inhabitants of Heartbreak House prepare to enkindle their flickering souls by dying well, and for just a moment, life courses strongly through their anemic veins. Yet, at the last minute, Shaw averts the catastrophe – in a pathetic wish projection, it is the Church which is destroyed and the two pirates (Boss Mangan and Burglar Dunn) who are killed. The hopeful Utopian has momentarily checked the pessimistic prophet; a feeble chance for salvation still remains. Apocalypse is coming, but it can yet be forestalled if the smart idlers will learn to navigate the foundering ship of state.

Because of its prophetic and apocalyptic tendencies, *Heartbreak House* has a haunted, secret, mystical, almost ritual quality which gives it a special place in the top rank of Shaw's plays. Subtitled "A Fantasia on English Themes in the Russian Manner," the work was written partly under the influence of Chekhov and Tolstoy in whose plays Shaw found further criticism of Europe's drift and decay. But the Russians could only confirm Shaw, the moralist, in his old convictions; on the other hand, they had a good deal to teach Shaw, the dramatist. While *Heartbreak House* is not *The Cherry Orchard*, it does possess strong Chekhovian strains played to a Shavian rhythm. (The work, in addition, owes a debt to John Bunyan in its special mode of allegory.) The play has no exterior plot; the action is moved along by melodramatic surprises; and the dialogue is designed less to sparkle and amuse than to create an atmosphere of vacuity and isolation. Certain Shavian techniques and themes remain constant, as well as certain Shavian characters (like the heroine, Ellie Dunn, an unwomanly woman who goes through a spiritual striptease until she is left without a single illusion to sustain her), but the play is a new departure, and the disquisitory works that follow are never again to have the old buoyancy and verve.

Despite the harsh and distinctive quality of *Heartbreak House* the present stage version offers it in conventional Broadway terms. Housed in a glittering theater, performed by a glittering cast, and given a glittering production, the evening is carefully organized so that no gloom may tarnish the chromium shine. The sets, costumes, and lighting are disconcertingly rich and bright; and since nobody but Studio characters are allowed to look seedy on Broadway, even the indigent Ellie and her father are dressed in the height of style. The director, Harold Clurman, has chosen to ignore the bitter and irrational qualities of the play, and to slam through it as if it were a charming comedy of manners, a bedroom farce, and even a musical comedy (in the first act, for example, a ritual chant about the evils of love and money has become a doggerel buck and wing, sung and danced by Captain Shotover and his Merry Madcaps).

The inevitable result is a serious lack of balance and long stretches of tedium (for which Shaw is given the blame) when the expected wit doesn't flow. Played with chic and abandon by some eloquent English actors (the best of them is Diana Wynyard looking like a ripe Venus), the lovers are much too convincingly seductive and thus never communicate Shaw's ironies about their aimless romances. As for the more crucial roles, they have either been misdirected, miscast, or misplayed. Maurice Evans, impersonating Captain Shotover, has made himself up—for reasons unfathomed by me – like GBS at 90 (Note to the director: Shaw was 60 when he wrote this play, did not drink rum, was not reduced to dreams of happiness, did not believe his shot was over), and, despite the fact that Shotover is supposed to be spiritually exhausted, bites into the part with his usual excess of high animal spirits.

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Diane Cilento, as Ellie Dunn, works so hard to be an ingenue (and her eccentric voice makes this work indeed) that she forgets all about Ellie's development and conveys nothing of her heartbreak. And Sam Levene, hopelessly miscast as Boss Mangan (one of the most unredeemable characters Shaw ever created) throws the whole play out the window with an outrageous cartoon of a Seventh Avenue businessman afflicted with heartburn who apparently has made all his money in Ladies Underwear.

Broadway maintains an affection for Shaw when it can disguise him as a witty but romantic old sage with a soft spot for young lovers, and the present production labors to perpetuate this fantastic delusion. Yet, somehow, *Heartbreak House*, though it can be made to look dull, will not be reduced to a comfortable equation. Even in this production, Shaw remains dangerous. In a time when our own middle classes are obsessed with the cultivation of their pleasures, when our own government is in the hands of the practical businessmen, and when our own ingenuity has led us to the doors of destruction, even a glossy version of the play is enough to make us shift uneasily in our chairs. ROBERT BRUSTEIN

ART

A Romp on the Ramp

The new Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum is Frank Lloyd Wright's last public building and his only one in the city of New York. Originally commissioned more than fifteen years ago the building has been the subject of battles, arguments, whispering campaigns and shouted protests, ranging from a long but finally victorious engagement with the city's building code to a formal document signed by most of the "New York" school of painters in which they pointed out that it was a farce to build a museum without consulting them.

Well, the building opened last week – in fact most of the week was spent in openings at the Guggenheim and a whole new status-stairway in New York is based on which opening you were invited to. James Johnson Sweeney, director of the Guggenheim, is to be envied for the space he has been given to work in; in the installation of his first show he has risen superbly to the challenge of the building, if challenge it is; he has made his own contribution to the building itself in the lighting arrangements; but above all he has shown off the suitability of the building for the general style of painting for which the Guggenheim is famous. The show is a success. The building is a beauty and don't let anyone tell you different.

As you must know by now, Wright's Guggenheim is a spiral ramp six stories high, about a third of a mile long, with a three percent grade and a diameter of 128 feet at the top, 100 feet at the bottom. It has been protested from the first that you can't hang pictures decently for people to look at while they're walking downhill; the opening show provides the answer: you can. Not only decently but brilliantly, thanks as much to Sweeney's lights as to Wright's design. The slight grade is a help to physical comfort; you take the elevator to the top ring and saunter down through the exhibition, gravity with you all the way. The ramp is divided into bays which break the fall without destroying the flow. The main ramp-wall turns out not to be there, The pictures are floated about four feet out from it, fixed each to a single steel rod. No frames are used; the edges of the paintings are white, the walls are white, the rods are white. Light comes through glass panels in such a manner that the paintings seem to rest on a bank of white light in which there is no glare at all. The light on the pictures is similar. The only museum lighting in the country that compares with this is that of the new wing in Cleveland where daylight and electric light are mixed. Here most of the light seems to be artificial, though Wright originally provided for daylight to come in through the line of the spiral. Anyway whether you look at the pictures before you or at those across the well, at least 100 feet away, the light itself is both fully adequate and cheerful.

It is already clear how the form of Wright's building discharges the function of displaying pictures for exhibition. The great spiral is the only arrangement I've ever seen that lets you walk through an exhibition with no involuntary doubling back. But the building does something else, too, that is probably as important as the machine-for-looking-at-pictures: it gives you the sheer elation that comes from looking at, being in and moving through large amounts of enclosed space. Although we stand as verticals on the horizontal earth, space enclosed by curved planes brings us more elation than space enclosed by vertical and horizontal planes. In this quality Wright's Guggenheim is more closely related to its neighbor, the Metropolitan, and to the National Gallery in Washington, than to the Museum of Modern Art or the Whitney.

If you take New York painters as seriously as they take themselves, you can sympathize with their objections to all this handsome space. The exhibition begins with a large selection of Kandinskys from the museum's unparalleled holdings and moves down the ramp of time through the development of non-objective painting that followed Kandinsky. While this is the main line (it used to be the Museum of Non-Objective Painting) it is not held rigorously, thanks again to Sweeney, who, in his directorship, has vastly expanded the scope of the collection. There are paintings by Chagall and Cézanne, Braque and Picasso, quite a few by Klee and three by Modigliani, including a fine reclining nude. There is also sculpture now, with special strength in Brancusi.

But still the stress is Kandinsky and his children, Brooks, Kline, Sam Francis, Hartung, Mathieu, Pollock, Soulages and so many others. In the open setting of the great spiral these works lose all their seriousness and importance, both of which qualities are greatly enhanced by the small galleries of the Museum of Modern Art. The joy of spirit Kan-

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dinsky is made evident and that spirit rolls down the ramp engulfing younger men completely. Looking across the well you see one after another of the brightly colored adventures in paint and they all seem rather gay, charming in their childlike intensity.

In Wright's great ramp, all the hokum about gesture and size, texture and space simply vanishes, lost in monumental space, obliterated by the gesture of a giant. You are looking at daubs and may like them or not with no reference at all to the rhetoric. It's rather like art night at the PTA. You admire the boards Alberto has knocked together and the bravado with which little Georges has squirted colored toothpaste all over his picture. Antoni, the rascal, is still getting sand into his paints but he's over his morbid fascination with black. You know that eventually the children will all grow up and some of them may even become artists; and you know that the teacher knows it, too.

FRANK GETLEIN

MOVIES

Muni, Muddle and Merriment

The Last Angry Man (Columbia)
The Best of Everything
(20th Century-Fox)
Pillow Talk (Universal)

Paul Muni, one of the few old-fashioned stage stars now in American pictures, returns to the screen for the first time in twelve years in Gerald Green's *The Last Angry Man*. It is a good example of theatrical hokum.

The phrase is not meant to be derogatory. Hokum cannot be high art, but good hokum requires training, experience, and a killer's instinct for the tear ducts. This film, like the novel that is its original, claims to be a statement of individualism-*cum*-social-sense, an indictment of the "galoots," the new herd of selfish, fast-buck boys. What it is in fact is an old-time sentimental vehicle, the kind of carefully arranged emotional gamut which such stars as David Warfield and George Arliss so often ran.

A big TV program is to do a documentary about a Jewish doctor who works in the Brooklyn slums, and the opposition of the tough-minded old Jew and the world of Madison Avenue is a promising one. But the drama soon loses weight because the doctor is keenly aware of his virtues and because every character behaves predictably: not as life predicts but as film clichés have conditioned us to expect. The program chief (David Wayne) sees the fallacy of his buck-hustling life and resolves to be an independent and fearless TV producer. (We are not told how!) The account executive trembles with appropriate slavishness in the sponsor's breath; the sponsor, with the usual concealed heart of gold, sees some virtue in the old man's frankness; and a savage young hoodlum finally gets a little light in his soul through the old doc's fingertips. The doctor, of course, has a fatal heart attack while rushing selflessly upstairs to a patient's aid.

Muni gives us a retrospective glance through his album of mannerisms: the head tilted back to peer at people through his glasses, the deliberately clumsy gestures, the shuffling walk, the climaxes of speeches in hushed tones or whispers. As soon as you realize that you cannot take it seriously, that he is to be watched like a skillful acrobat or juggler, it is good fun. Luther Adler, an actor not always associated with sheerest artistic honesty, is here somewhat sounder than Muni as his old medical crony, full of irritated affection.

The film has a tug beyond its intrinsic worth because it flirts with an important idea: the aristocracy of the spirit (here embodied in an immigrant doctor) battling the Century of the Too Common Man. The picture's compromises in dealing with the subject of integrity constitute an unintended irony.

The Best of Everything, also made from a best-seller, also flirts with an important idea, but much less successfully. The 20th-Century emancipation of women produced great sexual pools of girls waiting for marriage in office after office. Everyone familiar with offices knows how sexual presences and tensions, though perhaps unremarked from one Christmas party to the next, create a specific climate in the conduct of business. This subject has not, to my knowledge, been adequately treated in novels or films. (*Kitty Foyle* is, alas, the best I can remember.)

This present picture, a Technicolor lollipop, does no more than indicate the possibilities of the subject. Its only value lies in furthering the career of Diane Baker, a brisk and appealing young actress who made her debut in *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Proper parts and direction could make Miss Baker a *gamine* star like Mabel Normand or the Goddard of *Modern Times*.

Pillow Talk, because it is artificial, is the sort of picture Hollywood handles with ease. The plot is about as substantial as those of the farces in the old *First Nighter* radio series. A boy and a girl share a party line, have never met, and squabble about the use of the phone. At last they meet – and you can write your own story from there. But the dialogue of Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin is fresh, even if in a familiar vein.

There seems always to be on hand at least one film actress who is a complete incarnation, physically and temperamentally, of the stock slick-magazine heroine. Jane Wyman of yore, Debbie Reynolds and Doris Day now. In this picture Miss Day proves herself again a reliable pro, with a sharp sense of timing and the ability to fall in love comically. Tony Randall, the unsuccessful suitor, is her match in timing and her superior in comic readings. Rock Hudson, the hero, is much less rock-like than usual, due doubtlessly to the director, Michael Gordon. Thelma Ritter is also present as an impassive alcoholic maid. They all make this film satisfactorily amusing – an acceptable reshuffling of the old comedy cards.

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Something Borrowed, Nothing New

Harper's magazine has been complaining that the promise of TV drama of the early fifties has faded away. It's true, of course, but part of the reason was *Harper's'* (and most of the body of sentiment it represents) refusal to take TV seriously during its hard years. The baby was thrown out by the advertisers, but it was a sick baby anyway, that never had enough love to nourish it. There is irony in *Harper's* choosing to write its regrets for the golden age, not a TV writer, not even a TV writer who has been forced out of television, but Vance Bourjailly, a novelist who "tried his hand at television writing."

For a dilletante, Bourjailly covers his ground very well, but as a novelist, he is a cultural snob. Television drama is not literature, he says, but he forgets that neither are books, except the few that seem to touch truth with a personal style. It does nothing to repair television's breakdown to write that a half-hour show cannot be literature because it is too short, and *Maverick* because it is a Western. The point is that a perfectly executed Western is a good and serious kind of art, and an art furthermore that spans an audience from highbrow to lowbrow in a way nothing else does. It is a way of introducing the *Omnibus* audience to the *Father Knows Best* audience – a meeting and a sharing of experience the society sorely needs at the moment.

Bourjailly, *Harper's*, and the promoters of quiz shows and action-mellers basically believe the same thing; that all commercial television is bad, and there is no room on it for good. Bourjailly believes it, because the only kind of drama he accepts is not being done, and he declines to try his hand at writing a good Western. The Producers have a simpler way of looking at it, to summarize in a quote: "Westerns are not literature, they are crap. We're in the business of making crap."

The abdication of the serious television makers from the commercial market is one (only one, it's true) of the reasons for the dreadful state of commercial television. But this season a few of the talented TV pioneers are being given a kind of production they hardly dared dream of in the old days. It is a new chance for them, the people Bourjailly writes of, to forge something like a literature. But what have they done?

David Susskind, whose name has come to be associated with vigorous intellectual anti-commercialism on TV, seems to be making nothing but adaptations of old movies, which, however well done, Bourjailly and I agree cannot be television literature so long as they remain borrowings, and not something generic to television.

NBC's *Sunday Showcase*, with the return of Robert Alan Arthur, whose reign at the old *Philco Playhouse* was brilliant, has dramatized a crime similar to the Woodward case of a couple of years ago, in a script, by Lee Pogostin, another of the bright live drama talents, leaden with arch and fruity dialogue never spoken by anyone in this world, and directed by John Frankenheimer with drums. Arthur followed this up with a two part dramatization of *What Makes Sammy Run* from a script written by Schulberg, directed by Delbert Mann. It was faithful to the book, a slick journalistic treatment of the character of a Hollywood producer, written in a taut and highly erotic style somewhere well along the road from Dashiell Hammet to Mickey Spillane. It was not literature, but an expert and sometimes funny kind of Hollywood fraternity joke sprinkled with showbiz names for the initiates. Sammy himself remains an excellent journalistic portrait – the book's principal delight was hearing Sammy say things that happen all the time. But one really never finds out why Sammy runs. The remainder of the characters are familiar types, useful as ever in filling out the plot, right down to the narrator of the book carried over into the dramatization as an attitude with no more than a name and a habit of feeling sorry for himself.

This is old stuff, the stuff of movies, and of a kind that are a little passé. What the old *Philco Playhouse* gave the new TV dramatists was low budgets, no experience, no pattern to follow, and a tiny image – handicaps which forced them to forge their own style. It was a peculiarly inflexible and often awkward style, that more often produced an effect of passing irony or a whiff of nostalgia than it did powerful drama, but it was only partly explored. When the inventors and chief proponents of that kind of theater return only to abandon it in favor of production values and size, one wonders if it was all so real back in the days of *Philco*, or if it was only the best they thought they could do under the circumstances, and lurking behind their earnest searching was the simple ambition to make it big and splashy.

It might be noted that *Maverick* consistently strikes nearer its goal than does *Sunday Showcase*, and its goal, picaresque and satirical, is better than the journalism of *What Makes Sammy Run*, better than adaptation – it has what *Philco Playhouse* had, and *Sunday Showcase* has not so far shown – a style and a point of view. If television literature is going to come, it will come out of what is being created for television. It can't be borrowed.

FRANK R. PIERSON

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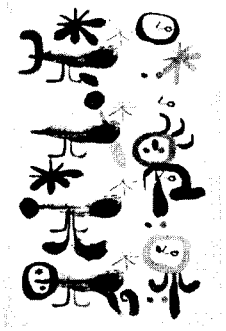

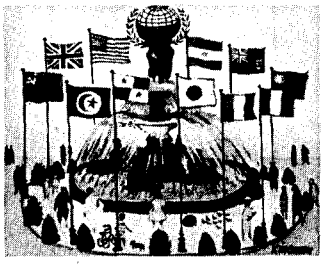

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